GOSSIP OF THE DRAMA FROM MANY POINTS OF VIEW

(Continued from Third Page.)

tant one to the actor and one that gave him no end of trouble, and he was for a long time endeavoring to make himself look like the shrewd old countryman that Westcott described him, before he was satisfied with his work. Mr. Turner chatted about the make-up recently, explaining in an interesting way how he went about it.

"I had no end of bother," he said. "Hour after hour, and day after day, I set in front of the mirror and rubbed my face with grease and worked paints into it, with no appreciable result. I simply could not get the requisite tone for David's complexion, and the markings of the face eluded all my efforts. The mouth was particularly difficult. You see, Harum's mouth was the most expressive feature of his face. It was the surest index to his character. In it were combined many seemingly antagonistic qualities. It was at once quaint and grim, quizzical and resolute, humorous and contemptuous, philosophical and practical, prodigal and petty. All of these subtle qualities had to be suggested by the markings of the mouth.

"The wig was another perplexing problem. It had to be of peculiar color, a mixture of red and yellow, and it had to fit just right. I don't know how many wigs I tried before I found one that was satisfactory. I tired ...unting them long before I came to a stopping place in the quest; but if you should ever want an impartial criticism of 'David Harum,' don't go to that bedevilled wigmaker. You remember David's philosophy that, 'they's as much human nature in some folks as they is in others, if not more'—and I'll bet that wigmaker has more."

Virginia Earl's Career.

At the age of thirteen Virginia Earl played Nanki Poo in "The Mikado" with the Juvenile Opera Company. She then joined E. E. Rice's forces in Australia and played Medoc in "The Corsair;" Gabriel, in "Evangeline;" Taggs, in "The County Fair," and Dandini, in "Cinderella." In this country she appeared as the Lunch Counter Girl in Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground." She then starred with Edwin Stevens in "Wang." Then came a series of engagements at the New York Casino in "The Passing Show," "The Merry World," "In Gay New York," and "The Lady Slavey." From the Casino Miss Earl went to Augustin Daly's theater and played in "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," "The Runaway Girl," and other plays. After leaving Daly's she returned to the Casino for the run of "The Casino Girl" and "Belle of Bohemia." She was especially engaged by Charles Frohman to support Edna May in "The Girl From Up There," after which she appeared with Dan Daly in "The New Yorkers."

A Deceptive Age.

Gertie Carlisle Afflicted by Being No Older Than She Seems.

To guess at the age of a girl may not be gallant. The man who should attempt to guess the age of Gertie Carlisle at Chase's this week would just about miss it as much as the Indian used to miss his guess weights at the last Masonic fair in Convention Hall.

She plays a girl's part, and it is this very fact that would be deceptive to the guesser because most people think, from the case of Lotta and others, that women of the age of grandmothers always assume such characters. The fact is that Miss Carlisle is no older than she makes up to be, and this is vouched for by her mother, who accompanies her. Another thing that would make the guesser go astray is that her assurance and ease upon the stage, the contralto register of her singing voice, contrasted with her assumed childish treble in speaking, would hardly fit the years of a girl. Nevertheless, Gertie is still in short dresses, and her glossy ringlets continue to hang in profusion around an unmistakably youthful face. That is, as she is to be seen off the stage. In speaking of herself, Miss Carlisle says:

"I went on the stage when I was six years old and I'm so used to it I couldn't live any other life. That's why when some people remember me for several seasons past they are sure I'm grown up. Mother and I can easily figure it out, and here are records in our trunk that make me just turning sixteen. People will have me older, though, and I don't see why, until they meet me personally. I remember another guess that was made when I was playing in 'The Brownies.' You see, I took a dwarfish old woman's part, that of Dame Drucilla, a crone supposed to be eighty years old. I succeeded Ida Mulle in this part, and of course she was known to be the smallest grown-up woman on the stage. A gentleman who attended the theater in a box party one night asked about my age, and was very sure that I was at least thirty. So much talk was made of it that he bet a case of wine that way. To settle it he and his friends brought a letter of introduction to the hotel and mother and I received him. Of course he knew he had lost at once when he saw me.

"You see, I played very childish parts when I went on the stage, and I'm still small enough for little girl parts now. I was the original Editha in 'The Burglar,' and I have done Little Lord Fauntleroy. "Yes; I've played Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' so I'm a real actress. I was the only child who ever played 'Trilby.' It was in a travesty during the long season I had in San Francisco, and when I sang 'Ben Bolt' they were surprised at my low notes. My voice was placed when I was twelve years old, which has helped me in different styles and parts."

Eleanor Robson's Advice.

Strange Counsel Given a Girl With Histrionic Ambitions.

Eleanor Robson, who comes to the National Theater next week with Israel Zangwill's comedy "Merely Mary Ann," is one of the youngest stars on the American stage, and for that very reason what she has to say in reply to the oft-repeated question, "What must I do to become an actress?" is both interesting and valuable.

The question was put to Miss Robson in Chicago recently by a school girl who wrote that she was sixteen years old and that she had seen a performance of "Merely Mary Ann" and had cried "just buckets of tears, it was so sweet." (That was the way she put it.) Miss Robson replied to the letter, and later she told a friend what she had said:

"I don't suppose," said the actress, "that I told anything very new. It's rather a hackneyed subject, and about everything possible to say on it has been said. No; I didn't advise her not to become an actress. I don't believe in that. It seems to me from what I have heard that whenever a young man or young woman asks an actor or a lawyer or a doctor how to enter one of those professions he or she is always told that the particular profession in question ought not to be entered at all; that it's too full already; that it means awfully hard work and little or no pay, and all that. Now, I don't like that. If the young persons who ask the question are in earnest they probably know that there is hard work ahead and expect it. The very fact that they ask the question shows that they are trying to make their own way easier by getting the experience of others who have preceded them.

The Need for Scholarship.

"So I didn't tell the little girl not to be an actress. I did tell her there were lots of difficulties in the way, that she would have to put up with many hardships, that if she had a comfortable home she mustn't expect the same comforts when she went on the road as she would have to do if she became an actress, that she would have to bear many disappointments. I told her, too, that no matter how much native dramatic talent she might be endowed with she must still work and study and then work and study some more if she wanted to succeed and accomplish anything.

"It seems to me that no amount of learning can come amiss to an actress. I don't believe that it is necessary to have a college education, but I know a college education won't hurt. An actress may never have any use for Latin and Greek and higher mathematics on the stage, but if she has learned them the study has cultivated her mind and made her capable of learning and studying other things all the better and more easily. I'm a little bit materialistic in my beliefs, and it seems to me that one ought not to expect any more of her brain than she does of one of her muscles. Now, if you have never done a hard day's work in your life you would not think—if you were sensible you wouldn't—that you could start right in and do a hard day's washing and ironing, for instance. Your muscles wouldn't be trained to it and you couldn't do it. No more if you have never studied can you expect your brain to stand the strain of sudden and unusual exertion.

Training for the Mind.

"There have been pitiful cases of actresses—usually in stock companies who have at least one new part to learn each week for probably forty weeks in the year—becoming insane. I would not be surprised if in almost every such instance the unfortunate actress was a woman who had not been accustomed to study in her childhood and youth. What wonder the unusual labor her brain was called upon to perform proved too much for it.

"If anyone wants to succeed in any business they must work and work. And naturally the better their muscles and brains are trained the more work they can do and the more easily will they succeed. I don't believe that a young woman who has decided to become an actress while she is still in school ought to take any special course. That ought to come later. Let her lay the foundation first in the best general education she can get and then let her study the special things like elocution, deportment, and the art of make-up that every actress must know. But she can't know too much of history or too much of literature or too much of the languages or too much of anything else they teach in schools and colleges—they will all be useful to her some time or other."

Caught Miss Earl Astride.

Comedienne's Mount Runs Away With Her in Park.

Between the hours of 9 and 10 one night people in the vicinity of the boulevard, near Central Park, New York, were surprised to see what looked like a melodramatic chase on horseback from one of the theatrical thrillers. First came a small figure mounted on a white mustang, going at break-neck speed, and closely followed by a large mounted policeman, flourishing a revolver and calling upon the aforesaid small figure to halt. The chase continued for about two blocks, when the policeman overtook his quarry, and discovered that his captive was Virginia Earl, who, in spirited tones, asked the officer what he meant by running her down when she was taking a little gallop on her pony.

The officer started to acquaint Miss Earl with the fact that the rate of speed at which she had been riding was unlawful, and that it was his duty to place her under arrest. Just then the comedienne's sister arrived upon the scene in a hansom, and the two ladies, one on each side of the officer, explained in unison that the horse was running away when the policeman saw it.

Miss Earl further explained that in "Sergeant Kitty" she is required to make her entrance on horseback, clad in the costume of a postilion; furthermore, that she is required to sit astride the horse. In order to accustom herself to this mode of riding she had been going every night to a riding academy in the vicinity of the park, and at last had acquired the knack of staying on the horse man-fashion. That night after cantering about the tanbark track for an hour, she had become ambitious and thought a little gallop in the fresh air would not be amiss, but after leaving the academy the pony, a rather spirited Western broncho, had taken the bit in his teeth and started to gallop off on his own account. The officer took a long glance at Miss Earl, smiled and rode on.

SCENE FROM "SERGEANT KITTY."

Notes of the Stage.

On his return to New York in January, E. H. Sothern has arranged to present an afternoon and evening performance for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, in which he will appear in ten different plays. These will comprise an act from each of the great successes of his career, including, "The Proud Prince," "Hamlet," "If I Were King," "Captain Letterblair," "The Sunken Bell," "Lord Chumley," "The Highest Bidder," "The Maister of Woodbarrow," "Richard Loveiace," and a one-act play dramatized by Mr. Sothern himself from Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "Markheim."

Arthur Secor, who is press agent and advance representative for Julius Collins' "David Harum" company, received a letter illuminated with various colored inks that caused not a little amusement at the Lafayette Theater yesterday. Young Secor is constantly on the lookout for interesting stories, and always ready to promulgate publicity for the manager he represents. During his travels he meets, of course, many bright and interesting people. The letter he received was from a young newspaper man in New Haven, Conn., who had evidently just finished reading some of Eugene Field's stories. He was addressed as follows:

"For that valorious, joyous, triumphant grabber of publicity.

"That ever gentle and courteous flower of a press agent; cream of advance agents, and pole star of a knight errant, Sir Arthur Secor.

"Who doth for the nonce sojourn at Washington, D. C.

"Where under the guise of a meek pencil pusher he is regaled with sumptuous cheer and divers rejoicings at the Lafayette Show Shop, and elsewhere he doth merrily disport."

On Monday next there will be added to the performance of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," at the Princess Theater, New York, a one-act curtain raiser entitled "The Sacrament of Judas," by Louis Tiercelin. This is the play in which Forbes Robertson created the sensation of the season a year ago in London. As Jacques Bernez, Kyrle Bellew will have one of the strongest roles in a noteworthy career, and before another fortnight has passed "The Sacrament of Judas" promises to be the talk of the metropolis.

Will S. Miller, a native of this city and a former member of the Lafayette Stock Company, will appear here next week as Jack Waters, a heroic role in "New York Day by Day," at the Empire Theater.

Fay Templeton was the wife of the late minstrel, William H. West.

Theatrical Reviews.

A Popular Feature of the Parisian Season.

Paris, Nov. 25.

Each year, ever since the days of Moliere, the Parisian theatrical world breaks out into a sort of autumnal epidemic with the "Revues de fin d'Annee," which presents before the footlights the principal events and episodes of the previous twelvemonth. Learned writers trace these reviews as far back as Aristophanes. In the fifteenth century the little open door theater called the Pomme de Pin, brought out frisky narratives of the Parisian year. Moliere's review, entitled "Les Facheux," was received with enthusiasm. These popular theatrical features continued during the Revolution, but were suppressed as "dangerous political instruments" by Napoleon, only to break out into favor again during the reign of Louis Philippe, when caricaturists, epigrammists, and wits of every description fairly took the bits between their teeth, and the Cogniards and the De Clairvilles, with their sprightly plays of "Foire aux Idees," "Suffrage I," "Les Lampions," and "La Propriete c'est le Vol," led the masses to the Revolution of 1848. The curb chain of the censorship of Napoleon III kept the reviews in the background during the Second Empire, but with the Third Republic out burst the reviews again, which became once more regular features of the Parisian autumn.

In the month of November, this year, eight reviews have been produced at the various theaters and music halls. They form clever attractions, and Americans who happen to be in Paris seem to enjoy them immensely. Needless to say, the reviews are acted by exceedingly pretty women and by talented players and adroit singers. At the Olympia a little review called "Paris qui Chante," by Montreal and Blondeau, presents the popular songs and musical features of the year, including, of course, the irrepressible German seesaw ditty, "Viens Poupoule!" At the Scala we have the "Revue a Poivre," and this meretricious little concert hall does not belie the title, for it throws at the public such handfuls of metaphorical red pepper that even some of the habitues were seen to get uneasy and blush at the first week's performances. A feature of this review is a ballet in travesty of a sensational Parisian murder, when a woman was discovered in the Seine, cut in pieces by some unknown assassin. There are forty ballet girls, and each one personifies a member or portion of the female form; for instance, one dancer represents an ear, another an eye, another the nose, another a hand, another a foot, another an elbow, and so on. The ballet is danced up to the climax, when the assembled corps unite and represent one colossal female figure.

At the Moulin Rouge a review, entitled "T'en as un Oeil!" draws good houses, owing to its skits and hits against members of the cabinet and prominent public characters. At the Folles Bergeres there is a review which presents a saturnalian orgy, in which may be found suggestions of Byzantium, Babylon, Alexandria, and Rome at the period of extreme decadence. The most successful of all is the clever review, in three acts, by Paul Gavault, at the Theatre de Varietes, called "Paris aux Varietes." The three acts consist of up-to-date episodes. There is good-natured chaff sprinkled upon eminent Parisians, from President Loubet to Santos Dumont and the "Emperor Jacques I" of Sahara. There are burlesques of the successful plays of the year, from "L'Enfant du Miracle" to "L'Adversaire" and "Les Sentiers de la Vertu." The leading actors and actresses are parodied, from Sarah Bernhardt down to the dancing, rum-drinking grizzly bear at the Hipodrome. There is a daring scene representing Mlle. Otero being expelled from her orchestra stall at the Theatre Francais in course of the gala performance given last spring in honor of King Edward VII.

There is a political "take-off," in which the leading characters are M. Delcasse, minister of foreign affairs; Secretary Hay, and M. Bunau-Varilla, the Panaman minister at Washington. Indeed, everybody comes in for a good share of banter, no exceptions being made for the crowned heads who have visited the capital in course of the year—King Edward VII. the King and Queen of Italy, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, the Queen Dowager of Spain, numerous grand dukes, archdukes, and princes. The spectator is introduced to the Guildhall, where is seated in full feather the august lord mayor in his official robes, escorted by guardsmen, and "Vive l'entente cordiale" ("Long live the Anglo-French understanding!") is shouted with more or less sincerity. Altogether the Parisian reviews dazzle and delight the public, and it is suggested that the governing idea might be effectively transplanted to New York with success, provided the reviews are cleverly written, abound with local hits and are brilliantly acted, amusingly sung, and gracefully danced.—C. I. B. in New York Tribune.

Joe Coyne's Englishman.

The Comedian Claims It Is Modeled From Life.

Joe Coyne, the young comedian who plays the role of Harold Harvey in "The Rogers Brothers in London," is often mistaken for an Englishman, principally because of his performance of Sir Archibald Slackett in "The Toreador" last season. In reality, he is a New Yorker, who, as a boy, often slipped away from home to enjoy the proud privilege of giving out programs at Tony Pastor's old theater on Lower Broadway.

While the Kiralfys were preparing "Excelsior" at Niblo's Garden, young Coyne was employed as an errand boy in a hat store nearly opposite the theater. The Kiralfys had advertised for a hundred boys who could dance, and Coyne was chosen among the first. He dared not tell his employer of his new work. The evening performances offered no difficulty, but he had to resort to strategy in order to appear at the matinees. About matinee time he tied up an empty hat box and went out with the order book, as if he were going on an errand. Nearing the stage door he would drop the hat box down a sewer and go in to the performance. The scheme worked well for a few weeks, until one night his employer happened to occupy a front seat, and next morning he was discharged. He remained with "Excelsior" through the season, running away from home with all his earthly possessions tied up in a collar box.

Ward and Coyne may be remembered as a popular vaudeville team before the partnership of Ward and Vokes was formed. Mr. Coyne has played in a great variety of other productions, including an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company that got stranded at Mount Holly, N. J. The leading comedy part in Charles H. Hoyt's last play, "A Dog in the Manger," was written for Mr. Coyne, but it will be remembered the play lived only for one week.

The comedian supported Clara Lipman and Louis Mann in "The Girl in the Barracks," and he was the principal comedian in support of Edna May when she went to London in "The Girl From Up There." He says he found English audiences hard to grasp at first, but after a few weeks he "had them good and strong"—so much so that at the farewell performance he was called on for a speech. He saw "The Toreador" at the London Gaiety Theater, and had a great desire to play Sir Archie, without expecting ever to do so. It is interesting to know, on his own authority, that he modeled his conception of his role, as far as mannerism of gait, etc., are concerned, upon those of a New York society man.

THE ORIGIN OF TABASCO SAUCE

Capt. John A. McIlhenny is in the city from Avery Island, looking very much as if he had been on a long military campaign, judging from the rugged, sunburned appearance. He is now paying very close attention to his tabasco sauce manufacturing business, and at the present time a large new factory is going up.

"We are more than pleased with the growth that this business has undergone in the past few years," said the captain at the St. Charles Hotel. "The expansion of tabasco manufacturing has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. All of the manufacturing is done on Avery Island, and all of the peppers used are grown on the island. We raise them on our own plantation under our own supervision

"Tabasco sauce was first made on the island in 1868 by my father, who thought he could make a sauce from the peppers which grew there equal to Maunsel White. At that time there was no postoffice at Avery Island, and the label was made with New Iberia on it, which has been allowed to remain ever since.

"There has been a great deal written about tabasco sauce ever since I can remember. In fact, I think the subject is one that has rather been overdone from the newspaper standpoint, and the only new thing there is about tabasco is the factory. Of course, this was made necessary by the great increase in the business, and it will not be possible for us to make enough to supply the demand."

Avery Island is perhaps the most delightful spot in the State, high, dry, and healthful during all seasons of the year. As Captain McIlhenny states, tabasco has been regarded and written about as one of the distinct products of Louisiana for more than half a century.

It is almost impossible to get into any first-class hotel or restaurant anywhere in the United States without finding among the condiments tabasco sauce. It is not, however, a sauce that can be used in large quantities. It is put up in very small bottles and a single drop on an oyseter is all that one can relish. Many funny stories are told of people who enter the New Orleans restaurants and try tabasco on raw oysters for the first time. They will insist on putting about a teaspoonful on an oyster and gulping it down, and then the fireworks begin. Such a dose causes the eater to see all the stars in the firmament. A teaspoonful of tabasco would be enough for a dozen of the largest oysters that ever came out of Bayou Creek.

Much to the surprise of those who have so long been familiar with tabasco sauce, all of the supply of the world's market is raised on about 100 acres of land. But the manufactured product of this 160 acres is perhaps the most valuable of any of a like area of land in the United States, if not in the world. It has been said by those who ought to know that the annual net revenues from tabasco manufacturing were not less than $150,000.

During the past few years there have been all sorts of imitations of tabasco put on the market, but regardless of that fact, those who really know the merits of tabasco try always to get the genuine McIlhenny brand. Such a reputation has this sauce that it is now sent to all parts of Europe and enters into competition with Maunsel White all over England and European countries.

Therefore, despite all of the esssays ever written on tabasco sauce and on Avery Island and on the McIlhennys, it will always remain a fact that the manufacture of tabasco will be of interest because of the uniqueness of the industry, because of the romantic and historical interest attaching to Avery Island, and because every Louisianan points with pride to Capt. John A. McIlhenny as the best example of what the real Southern gentleman to the maner born really is and really ought to be.—New Orleans States.